CURIOUS, interesting bit of Germany, of which the guide-books say little, and which tourists seldom see, is the region of the Rauhe Alb, the highland of Southern Wurtemburg, and a part of the Schwabern Jura. It was former by an almost water.

A party of young people—some fifteen or twenty young men and women—passed us. They were gorgeous in their folkesous and wines, and deucing and singing Schwabern the same of the Schwabern wurtemburg. The same of the schwabern of the Schwabern Jura. It was former by an almost water.

Disclination in an old town, the Romans.

900

with the service of the schwaben by the service of the part of the Schwaben by the service of the prospective by an almost water ly and always ly and crumbling. Still endershe part of the pumping stations, has produced it back in the fourth century, historic water from the valleys some 1,990 feet high supplying the sixty-one villages and being the local produced it back in the fourth century, historic water from the valleys some 1,990 feet high supplying the sixty-one villages and t

C Down in the next valley is a little village which several times in the past had been almost swept out of existence by the almost swept out of existence by the hoods that the melting snows of the mountains caused. Now, on the bank of the harmless looking brook, stands a great statue of the town's protecting saint before a little chapel. To the big iron bell is a ope connected with a water wheel at the anger line. Whenever the brook reaches we's height the wheel revolves and the bell he is out its warning to the dwellers of the height. Several times within the past few years the good saint had in this way warned the faithful and they had escaped from their peril.

At the next village on the highland a policeman stopped me. I tried to explain to him that I was merely a harmless wanderer walking around to find something to look at. But no person, so far as he knew, had ever before come to this particular town on such a mission, and he was incredulous. My passport saved me from a forced call on the burgomaster. It may be added that while a passport is not necessary in Germany it is frequently very useful when sway from the heaten roads of travel. There is in the mind of the well policed German a strong desire to know who and what you are. If you are a forest came they may call upon you to prove it. If a native you will carry with you, whoever you are, an official paper that will identify you. A young mechanic who had overtaken me and had been walking with me was put through a pretty severe crossemmantion by the policeman. The young man produced a hook in which was an official record of all the happenings of his ficial record of all the happenings of his employments, etc. As we walked he he told me that he was a journey-a tallor, he had begun his apprentice-sent his class had done, he was making a



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PUBLIC SQUARE OF RIEDLINGER.

At Ehingen I left the Danube valley, through which I had walked from Riedlingen, and entered a side valley that led once more into the heart of the Rauhe Albrerion. Upon each side was a ringe of great hills. Where they came nearest together and their sides were most rugsed and barren, lay Schelklingen. The rocks take on the most grotesque and fantastic shapes, and folklore has given to each of the most prominent crass and bowlders its separate legend. In a wayside chapel some aspiriting artist, who had more imagination than executive ability, has been at work endeavoring to impress the good people with the tortures endured by the saints. He has in the frescoes pictured men being drawn in half by horses, tortured by the screw, burned at the stake and stoned to death. In the old church there are the same horrible deaths pictured over all the walls. The Scheiklingens, who were once a powerful family, were a strongly religious people. The ruins of their old home, a strongly fortified castle, stands on the hillsdelps; above the town; and the monastery, which three brothers of the family founded in 1157, is not far away. This beautiful building, which belonged to the Benedictines, was secularized at the beginning of this century, and is now used as a factory.

tour to perfect his knowledge of his trade, lie had been over Switzeriand, Germany, austria and points of Italy and had picked up a smattering of several languages and an idea of the customs of different localities. I glanced over the book and saw that he places of his employment were all middles, and the reason of his leaving each. There was, too, an entry of an arrest for criminal offense; he may have been living correctly since, but that one had break till ever appear against him, for so long as he lives in the empire he must be able prove his record.

Tramps would have more or less difficulty tramps of the beginning of the little start up often from the work of the little public square with its could scure bed and food.

We pledded on together across a great pland plain. Small farm houses were seed now and them with groves of trutted the school, were at work of the work of the little public square with its curious fountain. The great monastery in the middle public square with i ill rep

POETESS OF PASSION

INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY LIFE OF ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As a Girl She Was Merry and Household Sunbeam - Hitherto Inpublished Poems Which Were Inspired by Love.

Birth of the Oppl. The Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam

And followed her low and high: But the Moenbeam fied and hid her head, She was so shy, so shy.

The Sunbeam woold with passion Ah, he was a lover hold; And his heart was after with mad desire

For the Moonbeam pale and cold. She fled like a dream before him, Her hair was a shining sheen; And oh, that Pâte would annihilate

Just as the day lay panting The Sunbeam caught the one be sought And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms startled And stirred by Love's first shock, She sprang afraid like a trembling maid, And hid in the niche of a rock.

The Sunbeam followed and found her, And led her to Love's own feast; And they were wed on that rocky bed And the dying Day was their priest.

And le, the beautiful Opal, That rare and wondrous gem, Where the Moon and Sun blend into one Is the child that was born to them.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox has long since passed the half century mark on life's journey, but to-day she is the same light-



ELLA WHEELER IN 1875.

Milwaukee danced and sung her way into the hearts of those it pleased her to call friends. She was born in Johnstown Cen-ter, Wis., about 1845, and obtained her education in the public schools and at the graduation and release from the irksome environments of class rooms she was thrown on her own resources and often she burned the midnight oil penning crude bits of verse and more ambitious prose with which she often unsuccessfully market. Fate, spurred on by ambition, caused her to take up her residence in Milwaukee. There she found a home with Mrs. W. H. Radway, who at a ripe age, is passing her declining days in peace and happiness at Banning, Los Angeles county, Cal. She danced, sang and romped with Mrs. Radway's children, one of whom, W. C. Hathaway, is a resident of Kansas City

C. Hathaway, is a resident of Kansas City and an employe of the Ridenour-Baker Grocery Company.

"I well remember Ella." said Mr. Hathaway recently. "She was like a sunbeam in our home. She was always so happy, so buoyant and so obliging. Never did a cross word pags her lips and in her eyes was always to be seen the glint of merriment and good fellowship. She was self-reliant without being assertive; had the courage of her convictions without being demonstrative; was quick at repartee which never had the semblance of a sting, and possessed a heart that overflowed with the milk of human kindness. We all loved her as one of the family and to this day she is as a daughter to my dear old mother. Often Ella has selzed me and danced about the house with me until our strength would no longer permit us to go further. Song came from her lips like poetic pearls have since dropped from the point of her pen and as an impromptu versifier i do not believe this country has ever produced her equal. She was in great demand at church fairs and other charliable entertainments. Her subjects were always chosen for her and often I have known her to wait until only a few hours separated her from her appearance before she wrote her contribution. Even in those early days she gave evidence of the virility and sentiment that have marked her writings during the past twenty years and many of her productions

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TOWN HALL, BLAUBEUREN.

the towns, with its 3.590 inhabitants. It, too, dates back to the gloomy past, and has preserved in churches and quaint old city buildings reminders of its glories. But it sleeps serenely and peaceably in this past magnificence. I wandered at noon through the town, and my steps on the cobblestores echoed through the narrow street. I scarched for a shop to buy a pair of shoes, but I could find none open. After repeated ringing of a bell I awoke a man who, when I told him what I wanted, merely told me to be scated, and then went away. A good, active burglar could have carried away his entire stock before he returned. He brought with him a friend, who had worked as a carpenter for several years in Chicago, and had saved sufficient to settle down for life in his native village.

Fearful of losing a sale, the shopkeeper had hunted up the carpenter, in the hopes that as a former American citizen he would influence me to buy.

Fod



MRS. MAY HATHAWAY.

found their way into magazines and newspapers and later into volume collections.
"In 184 Ella married Robert M. Wilcox, of "In ISS Ella married Robert M. Wilcox, of Meriden, than, and since then I have not seen much of her. But notwithstanding that fame has laureled her and that as the author of 'Poems of Passion' and 'Poems of Pleasure,' she has among her friends people of world-wide celebrity, she has not forgotten the friends of her childhood. To her my mother was always May, and recently she found time to write a few verses, which are indicative of her lovely nature and which she dedicated to and sent to my mother. I have a copy of them and as they have never been published they may be of interest to the readers of The Journal. They read:

There's a conning little woman.

hey read:
There's a cunning little woman,
And but few know half her charms.
She's the plumpest, whitest shoulders,
And such rounded taper arms.
She's such dainty little fingers
And her feet they are so small
I sometimes sit and wonder
How she gets about at all.

Her hair-I can't describe it! Tisn't gold, or brown, or red,
Sometimes the skies are colored
lake the curis upon her head.
If the gold of California
Could be made to blush, I guesa
'Twould chacity show the color
Of each silken curling tress.

You can hear her singing—singing— From the break of dawn till night, And you'd think a flock of thrushes Were somewhere out of sight. And if anyone is gloomy— Or cross, or blue, or grim You just want to bring him hither And have her laugh for him.

All the bells of St. James chiming,

All the breeks that ever rippled, All the birds that ever sung. You would say were at a discount— O. together gave but half The melody and music Of this little woman's laugh,

She has been for years a Mis., But it seems about to say Such a word to such a mischlef, And so we call her—May. The years are passing o'er her.
Hut the head of "blushing gold"
Nots defiance at their changes.
And they cannot make her old.

If Father Time should meet her, I know he'd scowl and frown When he saw how she defies him.— But she'd laugh his anger down. And if he tried to scold her She'd take away his staff And go waiting 'round the veteran To the music of her laugh.

She has her cares and troubles, verybody must; e laughs so much about them they leave her in disgust. She laughs about the weather, When it rains and when it snews, She laughs because it's muddy— And she laughs because it blows.

She is worth four hundred doctors-She is worth four himored notice.

To banish pains and aches.

She sets her patients laughing.

And disease goes off in shakes.

Are you sick or are you solemn.

Are you gloomy, are you blue?

Then you only need come hither

And have May laugh for you.

And have May laugh for you.

"Under the caption of 'The Sunny
Days,' continued Mr. Hathaway, "Elia
last year also wrote and dedicated another
poem to my mother, which shows her nature in another yeln. It reads: Dear May, the sunny days are here,

The springtime is upon us.
Your namesake month of all the year
Will soon be shining on us.

And, though dark trials crowd your ways, Though serrow's chains have bound Your heart must feel the golden rays That fall to-day around you.

How well I mind your joyous mirth When you and I, together. Ran free where blossoms had their birth All in the summer weather.

I seem to hear your laugh of glee-You thought not of the morrow; It was such joy to live, and be, You had no time for sorrow.

But sorrow followed on apace: Her black robes clung about her: And now too well you know her face-You never sup without her.

Yet still the sun rides on his track, And tells his olden story: And still the sunny days come back, With all their golden glory. And still I hope your laugh may ring In brighter days a-coming.

When summer birds shall trill and sing,
And golden bees be humming.

That cheerful heart God gave you, Must reach its native plane at last— So may He keep and save you.

So may He keep and save you.

"Verses are not all that my mother receives from the pen of the now rifted Ella," continued Mr. Hathaway. "Often the mails carry to her home in Banning most delightful letters, in which she relates incidents in her everyday life and seeks coursel the same as she did before she became an American literary queen or penned the stanza:

Laurh and the welf will hand with row.

Laugh and the world will laugh with you; Weep and they turn and go. They want full measure of all your pleasure, But they do not want your woe.

MONUMENT TO WINNIE DAVIS. Will Be Completed in October and Will Be Placed at the Head

of Her Grave.

The monument to Winnie Davis will be completed by October 15. Soon afterwards it will be placed at the head of her grave in the Davis family section in Hollywood Richmond. Va., overlooking the river, where rest the remains of the president of the Confederacy and his other children. It is one of the most beautiful spots in Virginia, lying upon a level plain at the head of an abrupt slope that commands a pic-turesque view of the water dashing over a bed of immense bowlders and winding its way through innumerable tiny emerad isles towards the city in the distance.
Rising to a good height is the well swarded background, and in the center of the subplateau is the grave of the ex-presi-

dent.
The design for the Winnie Davis monu-



MONUMENT TO MARK THE GRAVE OF WINNIE DAVIS.

ment, which is by Zolney, is at once beau-tiful and artistic. The pose is admirable, and there are strength and spirit that give it life. It represents a seated angel, and will be curved in Italian marble of the best will be carried in Italian marble of the best quality. It will be mounted on a ham-mered granite pedestal with a coping in front. The statue is over lifesize and measures a little more than seven feet. The granite pedestal is two and a half feet high, three and a half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep. The coping is six feet long, two feet wide and fifteen inches high. Inches high.

The inscription has not yet been decided

six feet long, two feet wide and fifteen inches high.

The inscription has not yet been decided upon.

No Deadheads There.

From the Ohio State Joarnal.

I heard a good story vesterday that comes from Sylvania, a little town in the northern part of the state. Among the members of the Methodist church at that place is an old railroad conductor, who has been retitred from the business ten years or more During the morning service at his church not many Sundays ago the railroader was called upon by the minister to assist in taking up the collection—one of the stewards who usually helped in that work being absent. The retired railroader started down the alsie with the contribution basket, and passed it around like an old hand at the business. Everything passed off smoothly until he came to a good old brother who had needed himself fast asleep, and just as he was about to pass by him he was suddenly overcome by the force of habit acquired in his railroad days. Giving the seeping brother a dig on the shoulder with the basket, he biurted out: "Ticket, please."

Kindly Consideration.

Frem Judy.

Frem Judy.

Frem Judy.

The children create g system of erazes for certain books that is all their and popularity.





"Now, look here, my man. I was pass ing this way yesterday and saw you with crutches and a placard saying you were and you know the public must have



Fully one-half the 13,600 subscribers to the Kansas City public library are children. That 6.600 little ones are constant readers of good books speaks volumes for the possibilities of the coming generation. Their zeal and enthusiasm are fascinating o watch. They are on excellent terms with all the various ways of looking up what they want and are perfectly at home in an atmosphere created by the presence of the highest and

best in the world of intellectual develop-ment. The influence this familiarity exerts is inestimable

A room especially for children was a new idea when the one which uttracts Kansas City's youth was established. Now was established. Now nearly every large public library pro-vides a separate reading room for its juvenile subscribers. juvenile subscribers.
The plan has many
advantages that
might not occur to
the casual observer. Principal among these is the fact that

children can rarely tell what book they will enjoy until they have looked it over and noted the pictures it contains. In their own room they can have access to the shelves and can take down and glance through several volumes before making their selections. Then, too, children are restless and object to waiting. When they were obliged to go to the general delivery desk the attendant was tempted to wait on them first, much to the dissatisfaction of more elderly patrons. All this is obviated when they have a place where their wants are paramount.

In the mornings the children's room is practically empty. All the little ones are confined in some school house laboriously "doing sums" or tusseling with a spelling lesson. But in the afternoon the clans begin to arrive. First of all come those whose school duties are over at noon; then those who attend private schools and are dismissed early. Then the low, round table with abbrevlated chairs comes in for the greatest share of popularity, it is for the patrons who have but recently ble with abbreviated chairs comes in for the greatest share of popularity. It is for the patrons who have but recently graduated from Babyland, and are still addicted to the colored picture book habit. After 3 o'clock there is a wild stampede of high school boys in cadet uniform and tall, slender, timid girls with long braids of hair hanging down their backs. Of this contingent the former are all after books of Indian stories and tales of the late war. The latter yearn for boarding school narratives. After 4 o'clock, when all the schools have closed, the room is fairly swarming with little people, and the reserve 'und of camp chairs is brought into immediate requisition.

There are no set rules as to discipline, for none seems necessary. Talking is indulged in very freely and the little people move about unrestricted—yet there is very little noise. Whole groups of them gather to look at a new magazine or comic papers and no disorder results. Two little papers and no disorder results. Two little gri chums with a mixture of affection and economy made a pretty picture the other day as they sat together on one chair and with pink hair ribbons bobbing about in close proximity lisped the rhymes of a simple little nursery book in unison. It would seem that the dignified atmosphere which the presence of books creates is not without its effect on the little readers.

without its effect on the little readers.

The children's room is something of a bonanza for mothers. They come to the library to read and, bringing the young hopefuls along, turn them loose where they are sure to be in good company. Club women take advantage of the nearness of the Athenaeum and other clubrooms and leave their children in the library while they attend the meetings. One little girl came to Miss Reed, the supervisor of the children's room, the other day and said: "Mamman says when it gets to be 3 o'clock will you please send me home?" Miss Reed remembered to carry out the wish in spite of the fact that her duties are legion.

The children interest Miss Reed, and she is very popular with them. A few days ago she left her desk to attend to some work in another part of the library. A little boy to whom she had once shown some pletures brought his father in to see her. Not finding her, he strayed into the reference librarian's office and asked nalvely of Miss Bishop:

"Are you the lady that I like se little boys?" So it is by that I like se little boys?" So it is by that pretty title that Miss Reed is known to the children.

The most popular books among the heave

The most popular books among the boys are the historical novels of G. A. Henty, including "With

an Pottle Dimple - by Sophie May, enjoy a pereminal popularity.

The children create a system of crazes for cettain books that is all their own. One child may happen to read and like a book that has not been called for for months. He tells other children about it, and the book is channed for immediately. The children recognize the fact that the best books are read the most, for a little girl who was looking for a book the other day, said: "Oh, those books are all clean; they're not very good to read. Let's go over here, where they re dirty." In the card catalogue, too, the popular books can be picked out by the color of the card. It is a case of a "lingermark" of it.

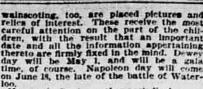
Two of the librarians, one especially fond of boys, and the other with a decided preference for girls, include in animated discussions as to which read the best books, boys or girls. The argument is never concluded, for their are, as usual, two sides to the case. The boys are fond of Scott, while the girls avoid his works, but the girls avoid his works, but the girls aroll his works are read the not his manned to certainly. The magnetic team golden to mean the words that made the best leghted.

The magistrate smilled and agreed to perform the ceremony, and the hot ear golden.

The magistrate soulded. The words that made the girl golden.

The magist

A chance to celebrate is never lost in the children's room. The birthdays of eminent poets, authors warriors and statesmen are all made excuses for interesting exhibits. A bulletin board stands in a conspicuous place in the room, and on this are tacked pictures of the person in question and of everything of interest connected with him. On the ledge above the granite



In calling for books, the children fre-In calling for books, the children frequently make amusing mistakes. When a little girl asked for the "Prince of the Coopers," however, instead of the "Prince of the Coopers," however, instead of the "Prince of the coopers," however, instead of the "Prince of the frat prize. Two little girls who were anxious lest they should fracture some of the rules said to Miss Reed: "Dose it hurt if we don't take no books out on our cards to-day."

There are five sub-stations of the children's library. They are located at schools which are distant from the library, Each sub-station has De books, and these are changed occasionally. In all, there are just 5.301 books in this department—exactly double the number possessed when the children's room was opened. The number of subscribers has increased accordingly, until the question of more room.

President Loubet's mother to be cold. Her maiden name was light to lot. Her maiden name was light because of the Nicolet. She is a typical leading peasant of France—simple, fragal, expert in husbandry, hard-headed, with a limit husbandry, hard-headed, with a limit was bargain.

The rise in her son's fortunes has med altered her. She has preferred to remain the children's room was opened. The number of subscribers has increased accordingly, until the question of more room.

wainscoting, too, are piaced pictures and relies of interest. These receive the most careful attention on the part of the children, with the result that an important date and all the information appertaining thereto are firmly fixed in the mind. Dewey day will be May 1, and will be a gala time, of course. Napoleon day will come on June 18, the late of the battle of water loo.

Menagerie day is another periodical occurrence. Large pictures of all the different animals have been mounted, and a pictorial zoo is the result when these are spread around on the ledges and over the cases. But what the children seem to enjoy the most is a builetin "What to Read."

His Mother cases, But what the children seem to enjoy the most is a builetin "What to Read."

Illustrated catalogues of the new books are cut up, and mounted in attractive style, as a suggestion to the little people as to the contents of the various new volumes. PROVINCE OF MARSASSE. His Mother Still Lives There a Typical Landlord-Penant of France-Simple, Frugal, Hardbeaded.

IT WAS A PARM HOUSE IN



(From L'Illustration, of Paris, whose a rtist sketched the old farm house at Mar-sanne, where the president's widowed mother still lives,)

OLDEST PROFESSOR RESIGNS.

eight Years.

Professor Hoppin to Cease Active

Work at Yale, After Thirty-

From the New York Heraid.

James Mason Hoppin, for twenty years professor of the history of art in Yale university, announced his resignation to-day. Professor Hoppin is in his 89th year, and, although still vigorous, he has decided to give up active work. He has been a professor at Yale for thirty-eight years. His resignation takes effect at the close of the present college year.

Professor Hoppin is not only the oldest professor in the university, but the oldest active college professor in the country. He was born in Providence in 1839, and was graduated from Yale in 1849. He studied law at Harvard, then theology at Andover and finally at Berlin. He traveled extensively, and from 1850 to 1860 was pastor of a church in Salem, Mass. In 1861 he was elected college pastor and professor of homiletics at Yale. In 1879 he was appointed to the chair of the history of art.

AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN. Rumor of the Death of Abdur Rah

man, Friend of the English. In Denied. England may well feel relieved to find

that the rumor of the death of Abdur Rahman, ameer of Afghanistan, is not true, for that event would, in all likelihood, bring upon the English a war of no slight importance. Dost Mah-omet Khan, against whom England fought in 1842, had



erning the people of Afghanistan. Lord Mayo, viceroy of in-dia, opened negotia-tions with the ameer, but failed, and again made the attempt in 1873. The ameer entered into fries

Shere All.

Abdur Rahman. tered into friendly relations with Russia and the war of 1878-79 followed. Shere Ali fied, but died on his way to Russia. In the meantime, one of his sons, Yakoub Khan, who with a strong following had conspired for the throne, had been thrown into prison. On the death of his father, Yakoub as recognized as ameer by the English. Then came the uprising at Cabul when the British residency was attacked and the English siain. Yakoub surrendered himself to the army which took possession of the city of Cabul, and he has ever since been living as a political prisoner in India. Ayoub Khan, another grandson of Post Mahomet, had in the meantime advanced with a strong army against the British and by him the English under General Burrows were defeated at Maiwand. He too has now for many years lived a political prisoner at Murree, a hill station in India. Ai dur Rahman, another grandson of Dost Mahomet, was recognized by the British as ameer, and his rule has been most friendly to the English. But his cousins chafe in their exile life, and the death of the ameer would undoubtedly mean more trouble for England.

many sons, and in 1869-70, one of them,

THEIR WEDDING RING.

Young Blacksmith Forges One From a Horseshoe Nail and Learns That It's Legal.

"Judge, I can't afford to buy a wedding ring, so I've made one out of an old horseshoe nail. It will bring us luck, but what I want to know is, is it legal?"

This question was asked of Magistrate Wentworth, in Essex Market court, the other morning by John T. Hopkins, a soldierly-looking baker, who served in the Seventh United States artillery during the bushing war. Upon his arm hung the blushing This question was asked of Magistrate Wentworth, in Essex Market court, the other morning by John T. Hopkins, a soldierly-looking baker, who served in the Seventh United States artillery during the late war. Upon his arm hung the blushing Bertha Banks, of Budapest, who was employed as a servant until the day before by Mrs. Steingut, of No. 19 Second avenue. The would-be brideroom is 29 years old, and the would-be brideroom is 19 years old, and the would-be brideroom is 20 years old, and the would-be brideroom is 20 years old, and the would-be brider of the bride.

"The horseshoe I took it from brought me luck," said Hopkins, "for the day after I hung it on the door I met Bertha, didn't I, dear?" The pretty bride declared that this was so, and that she thought the iron ring much better than a gold one.

The magistrate smiled and agreed to perform the ceremony, as horseshoe rings were just as valid and legal as the best eighteen carat golden product.

"The law doesn't compet you to have any ring at alt," he decided, and then he read the words that made the girl Mrs. Hopkins.

They went back to No. 19 Second avenue, where Hopkins boards. They talked of having the horseshoe nail wedding ring gilded.

has already begun to agitate the minds of the librarians. If civilization must grow upward, surely a project whose aim is to instit a love of good reading into the hearts of the very young should not be cramped for room—especially in this age of expansion. ADELIA ALICE HUMPHREY.

. The Old Farm at Marsanne. The farm on which Emile Loubet wi born is within the limits of the Cor of Marsanne, about two miles distant from Montelimar. The road that leads to it fol-



MME. LOUBET, THE MOTHER. (From L'Illustration, of Paris, Photograph taken at Marsanne, February 20, 1984)

in strict fashion, trained to consider the domestic sphere as the only one in which a woman should be settive. Later in life, when called upon to preade over her husband's official household in his respective positions of cabinet minister and preade of the senate, she surprised everyone where dignity, tact and gracious courtesy. Her three children are all living. One, a daughter, married Mr. Soubeyran de Saint-Prix. a judge of one of the courts at Marseilles.

Why He Was Alexander the Great-

From Tit-Bits.

A certain politician has a mania for visiting madhouses and interviewing their in-mates. He went to a private lunatic asy-tum which he had previously visited, and seeing there a distinguished-looking man-sitting moodily alone, went up to him and

(From a reproduction in the London Sketch.)

Sketch.)

John Aibert Edward William Spencer
Churchill, Marouls of Blandford, is the
eldest son of the Duke of Mariborough,
and has, of course, Vanderbilt blood in his
veins, says the Sketch. He was born on



September 18, 1897, and is a very winning the hat I had had had a hole in it.

Wouldn't it?"

Those Aunoying Clocks.

From the Jewelers' Weekly.

First cook (reading)—"WANTED—To go to Connecticut, a first-class cook. Good wages."

Second cook—"Niver on yer loife. Sure lish't that where they make alarum clocks?"

September 18, 1857, and is a very winn little boy, fair of compelexion and atural little boy, fair of complexion and the little boy, fair of complexion and the little boy, fair of complexion and little boy, fair of complexion and little boy, fair of complexio